PS
1542
.D7

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

Chap. PS1542 Copyright No.

Shelf .D7

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

Diamond Head.

Diamond Head.

33

Diamond Head.

By

Mrs. Emma L. Dillingham.

PS1542
.I17

Copyrighted by
J. W. WOODLEY.

Dedicated to

Mrs. Carrie P. Beckwith —

at whose suggestion

these lines were written.

Diamond Head:

We know not when primeval fires upheaved
Amidst the western sea, thy rugged form
O Diamond Head!
We know not what the mighty force, that tore
Thee from the perfect calm, and tideless depths
Of ocean's bed.
But deep roots in wildest forest mold
Lie darkness still upon the waters broods
With forest hue was fragment ablaze
And Time itself has portioned into days.

Gray Diamond Head.

We watch thy stern unchanging brow,
and know
No secrets of the past will thou bestow;

Thy history too dread light speech
To wake.

And memories too sad
to

silence

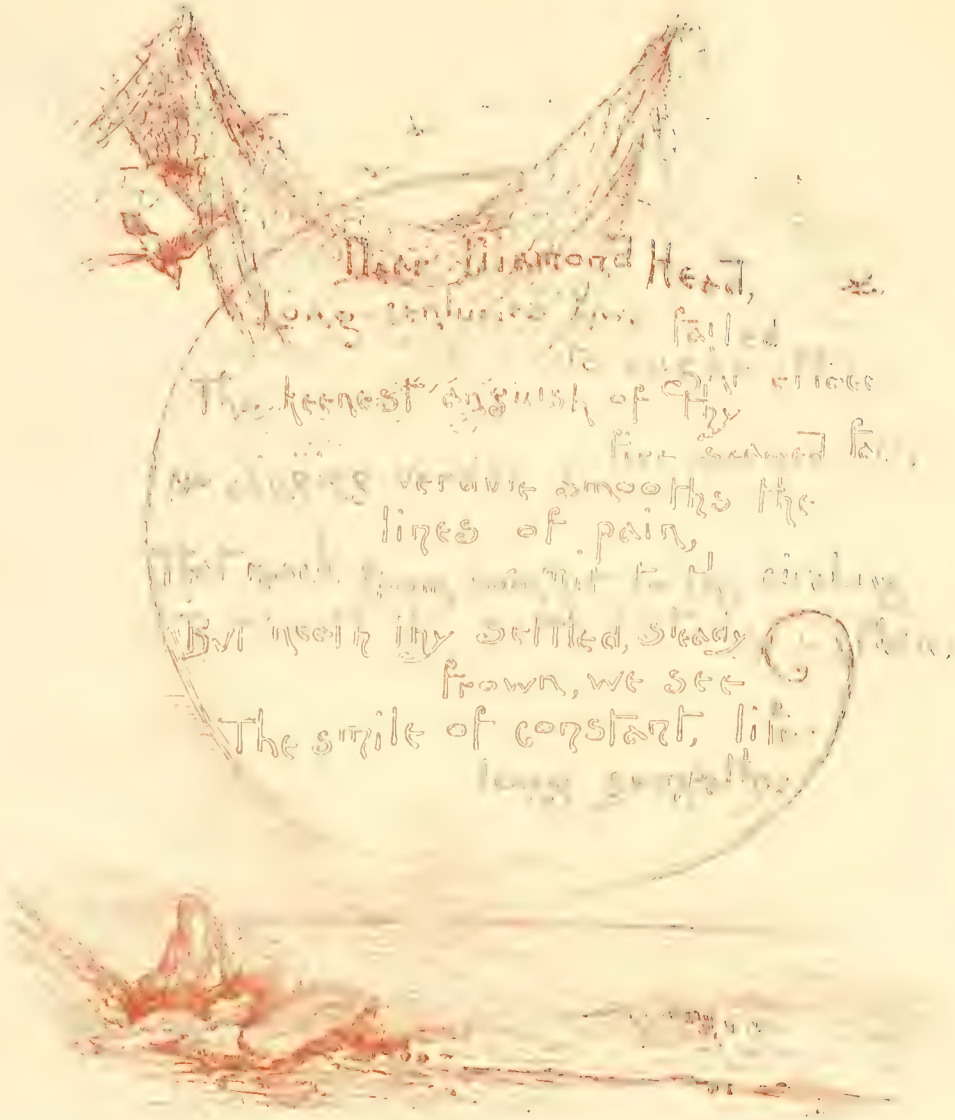
break.

Midst rush of thunders and thunderous roar
Of molten matter surging wild and high,

Thou first saw light!
The Almighty's flame played hotly round thy head,
And floods of fire ran thy cradle form bathed
By day by night!
Of chaos thou wast truly then a part.
Thy breast the seat whence livid fires did dart,
Thou filled'st the heavens with angry sulphurous breath,
That wrapped all nature's dawning life in death.

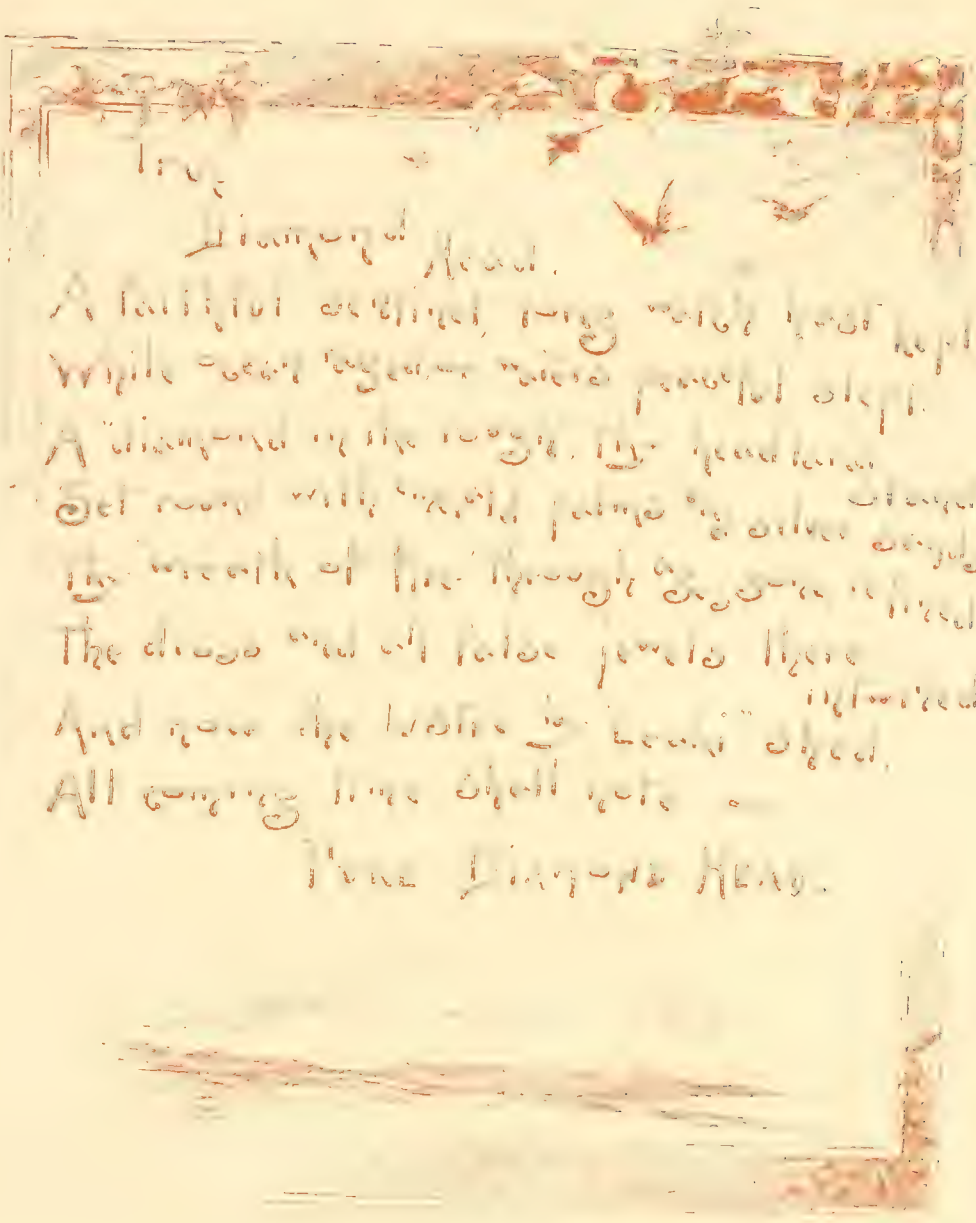
Old Diamond Head,
We marvel not at years
by reason of
Ere out of youth, from a
mass uncouth,
Thy furrowed form reclined its
massive length,
At peace with earth,
content in rock bound
strength.

Thine was a fiery furnace once thy food,
And thine the conqueror's right to lead
And length of days.
Thine for a crown the proof of
victories won,
Thy noblest heritage the hearts whose love
Should raise thy praise.
Neath tender skies thy laurels ne'er
By ardent, loyal hearts, thy ranks are
swelled,
The seal of ages on thy
Lo! wreath of fire, thy


Near Diamond Head,
The keenest anguish of thy
lines of pain,
But when thy settled, steady
frown, we see

Grand Diamond Host,
Though heart of [illegible] longs
has turned,
And cold [illegible] the hope where
flung behind,
The morning's [illegible] dawn, the
noon lides light;
The [illegible] changing [illegible]
bravely bought,
Upon Thee fall in thousand dyes; and lo!
Responsive, all thy form with
radiant glow

Along Diamond Head.



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 010 070 553 9